



IN
SHADOW-
TOWN.

By
Leigh Cross Day.

The Copp-Clark Co., Ltd.
Toronto

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Just beyond that glistening strand
 That looks so much like Fairy land.
 With its merry twinkle of countless stars
 That peep at night through Heaven's bars.
 Out there where the sun in gold goes down
 That is the way to Shadow-Town.





DEDICATION.

This is just a home-time story
With no hero and no glory.
But while writing what my little folks have told,
Seems to me I hear them chatter,
And in fancy small feet patter
Though these verses that are meant
for young and old.

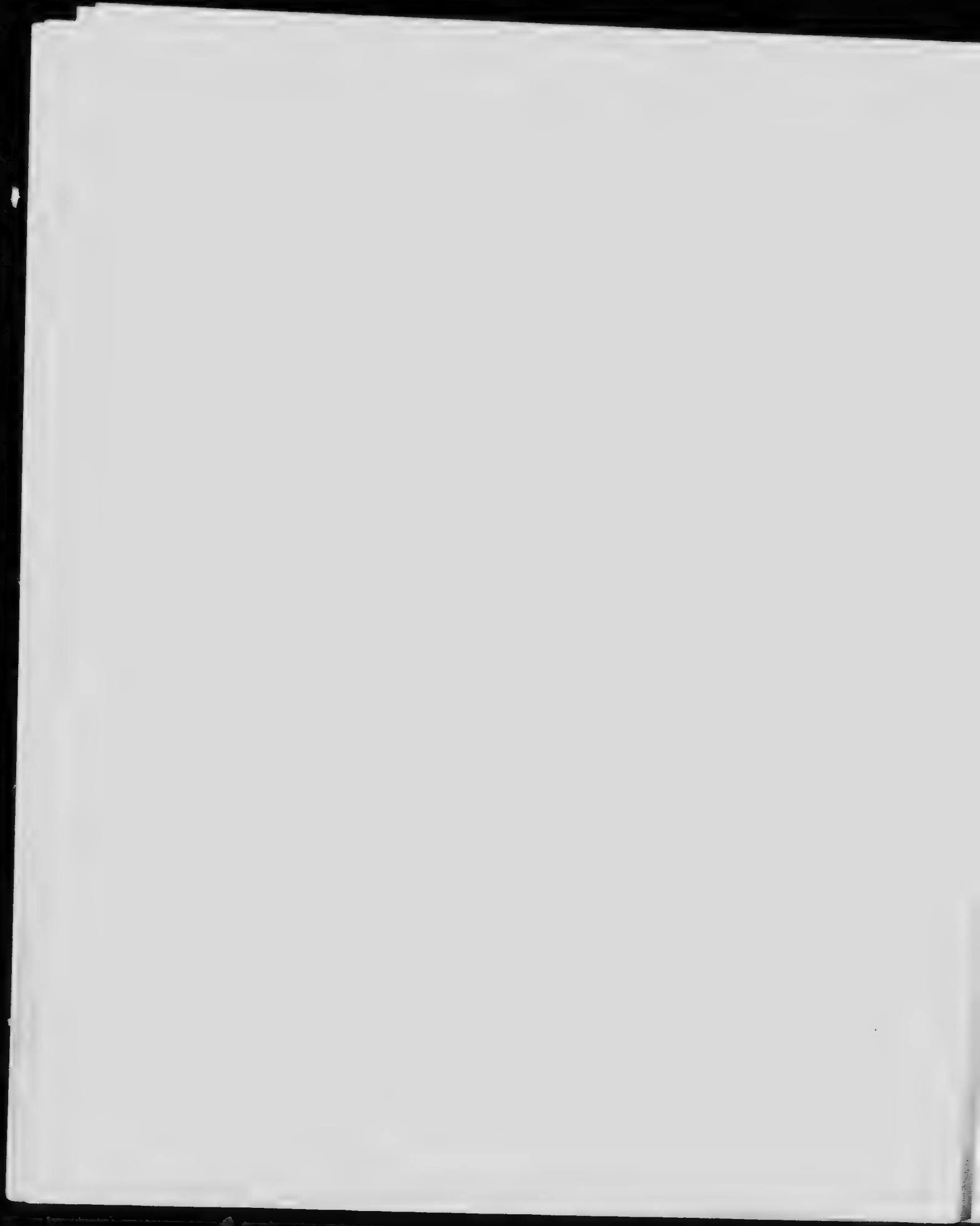






When you read them
Please remember
That each story here is true.
For these same
small shadow children
When at home are just like you.

Wigh Cross Day.





THE GATE TO
SHADOW TOWN.

The Gate For F. C.
Tear
S. C. C. C.
E. C.
Just C. C. R. C.
Noise For Three
Our Bag
At Imagination
East
Reflection
In Big Folio Land
B. C.
The Comfort Song.
The Secret For T. C. C.

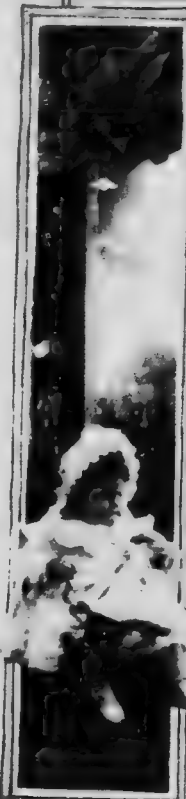






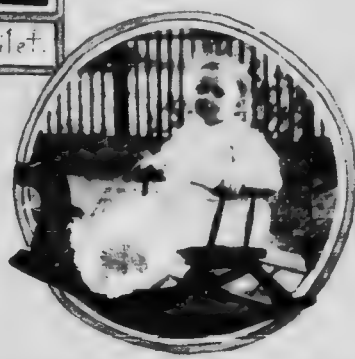
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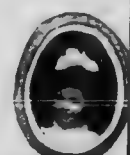


Dolly's Toilet.

May Queen.
 Tomorrow.
 A Girl Can't Wade.
 A Song Without Words.
 Why.
 My Boys.
 The Snow Flake's Message.
 Five O'Clock Tea.
 The Closed Gate.
 The Finish.



Eight Dances.





Little Free From Care.



The little boy of the name
 who was born from mother of a father
 who was born from mother of a father
 who was born from mother of a father
 who was born from mother of a father

There is a little boy who was born from mother of a father
 who was born from mother of a father
 who was born from mother of a father
 who was born from mother of a father

The little boy of the name
 who was born from mother of a father
 who was born from mother of a father
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 who was born from mother of a father
 who was born from mother of a father





TREASURES.

I treasure the horn with its
bugle call.

This flag I have treasured away,
For at home, we once used her,
on dress parade.

We are great big boys today.

Yours, we play tennis and
football now.

So this buckle and spade are just toys,
But they make us smile when we
think of the boys.

All these things are foot-boys.







In Childhood's Glad Hour.



on my way to school I saw a boy
 That was as good as I
 With water in his hand
 For his little dog to drink





that are
now cut grown







So the toddlers are gone, and the
big boys are here
With vague dreams of a Great Unknown,
But they still gather treasures
and lay them away,
Like the boys that are now out-grown.



LEIGH
GROSS
Drew





SEVEN YEARS OLD.

A Poem by Little Mary.

Mother and baby have gone away, but I'm seven years old, so don't care.
 I shall put on my soldier suit every day, 'cause that's what I like to wear.
 And anyhow, baby takes all my things, in the "Punch and Judy" play.
 She wanted the doll that laughs and sings, so I'm glad she has gone away.

This morning for school, father gave me a dime I ran to the store and spent it,
 He says he will give me one every time, do you suppose he meant it?
 And then last night, he said with a smile, if you want to sit up you may.
 So I just hope she will stay awhile, now Mother has gone away.





A Forlorn Little Jean.

I am a little girl, and I am called
 Jean, and I am a little girl.

And I am a little girl,
 and I am a little girl.

And I am a little girl,
 and I am a little girl.

And I am a little girl,
 and I am a little girl.

And I am a little girl,
 and I am a little girl.

And I am a little girl,
 and I am a little girl.

And I am a little girl,
 and I am a little girl.

And I am a little girl,
 and I am a little girl.

And I am a little girl,
 and I am a little girl.



Excuses.



I try to think of what
 to say when I am asked
 to wait, until the
 And then I say or do not say



I try to think of what
 to say when I am asked
 to wait, until the
 And then I say or do not say
 I try to think of what
 to say when I am asked
 to wait, until the
 And then I say or do not say
 I try to think of what
 to say when I am asked
 to wait, until the
 And then I say or do not say





JUST GOODBYE.

When I saw my baby sister
 As I was going to say,
 Just bid her "goodbye" to her dear
 And I was glad to stay.

I bid her "goodbye" to her mother
 As I was going to the door
 And I was glad to see her
 And I was glad to be something more —

17.
 I came to tell you "goodbye" —
 But (only good) — and "bye" —
 I was so glad to see you
 For so long, I miss you so.

I was one of the best
 And I was with her long.
 Just bid her "goodbye" to her
 And I was glad to see her
 And I was glad to be something more —







NOISE FOR THREE.



The boy and girl
 Were sitting on the bench
 And looking at the book
 Which lay upon their knees
 The boy had found the page
 Which told of the noise
 Which came from the garden
 So when the noise came
 Or even the boy's tongue
 The little girl would
 Say "That's the noise"

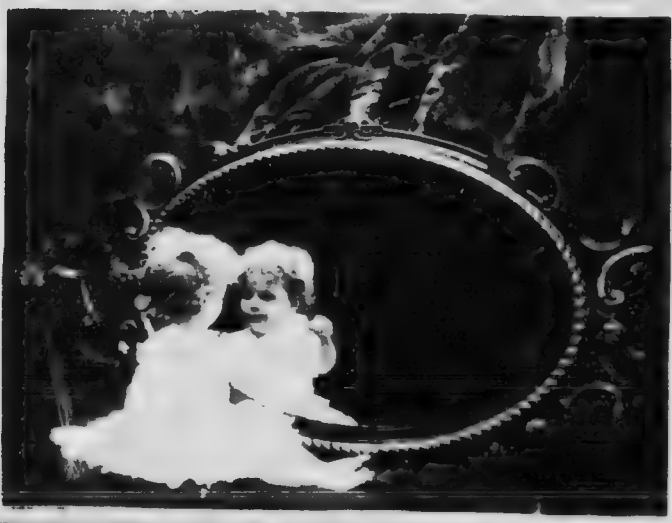




OUR BABY.



I was born on the 1st of January 1880
 at 10 o'clock in the morning
 at the residence of my mother
 in the city of New York
 and was named after my father
 and mother.



I was born on the 1st of January 1880
 at 10 o'clock in the morning
 at the residence of my mother
 in the city of New York
 and was named after my father
 and mother.



S

he was queen of the house

see,

An empress in the snow

For the smallest wing of this bird was

who would be so bold

But he enjoyed her dear sunny days

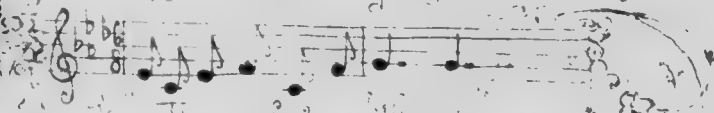
For he could not forget

For he could not forget those days

when he was forever young

She would patty-eake, patty-eake - day long

But when wings were blown down



The five little pigs,

every septime song, Would wait her - she ever - down

Where the phantom boat, with its popping light, sailed away

On the sea of Sweet Rest, While the Starling twinkled a drowsy

"Good Night, To the baby on my breast. Then the Night wind

would echo his sleepy call

In that harbor of great renown,

Where the Dream Ship

enters the portals so tall

And lowers its anchor down.



But the Summer Ship, from that Shadow shore, Never calls

for our baby today; And now I can't rock her to sleep

any more, Where has she gone? you say?





I

am through

all the things

of a young man's life.

But now I am a man.

And now I am a man.

And now I am a man.

Who is busy the whole

day long.







A Important Letter.

My dear Mother,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this letter
will find you the same. I am very much interested in
the progress of the war and hope it will soon be
over.



They knew they must finish so they.







EASTER.



Would you know the message the lilies told
When we peeped into their hearts of gold?
They said, our baby who came last night
In a beautiful basket all snowy white,
Just floated down through the twilight dim,
In answer to my Easter Hymn.





REFLECTION.

I asked that child that looks like you
 If she'd have a run of the
 I don't remember what she said
 "But I know you can't go in there"
 So I don't know what brought her to
 "Cause Mamma says it's no more
 For a little while she shake her head so
 And I told the boy my Mamma said so
 Then she whispered low that I was bad too
 "Cause I laughed - but I just had to
 When she pointed to a picture on the wall
 And said "That's the picture of a reflection"





IN BIG-FOLKS LAND



Unkle Sam,
with his grizzled
A Courtier,
dressed for
a ball.

"Come, Papa, guess who they are,
and try—"

He shakes his head with
a puzzled frown:
"For you should know them, all."

Are these ladies dressed
in our rooms, or in
My folks' who live at
"Shadow Town?"
He asks on with a sigh;







A merry little song,
 Which I have just composed,
 Where are the girls, and where are the boys,
 All my happy folks at home.
 Come let me whisper it low in your ear,
 For you never will guess, I am sure, how dear
 We are coming back to you, and how we here,
 But to live, were in *England* Land.



Boys.



There were a lot of
tangled curls,
That all belonged to me,
But they
weren't any use at all,
At least, that I could see.

I begged so hard to have 'em cut,
Bobbed straight around my ears,
That Mamma had the barber come
And bring his great big shears
The funniest thing about it was,
How Mamma looked, you know,
'Cause her face was dreadful sorry
When she saw the first one go.
And Papa too, when he came home,
And could not find a curl,
Just shaking his head, he was not sure,
I was his baby girl.







I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this finds you the same. I am sure you are enjoying your vacation. I will be home in a few days and will be glad to hear from you again. Love, Mother



I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this finds you the same. I am sure you are enjoying your vacation. I will be home in a few days and will be glad to hear from you again. Love, Mother





THE COMFORT SONG.

I don't cry every
evening

When the shadows all
grow long,

Up where it's snug in
Papa's lap,

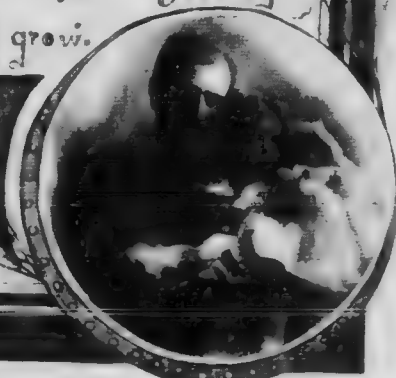
To hear my Comfort song.

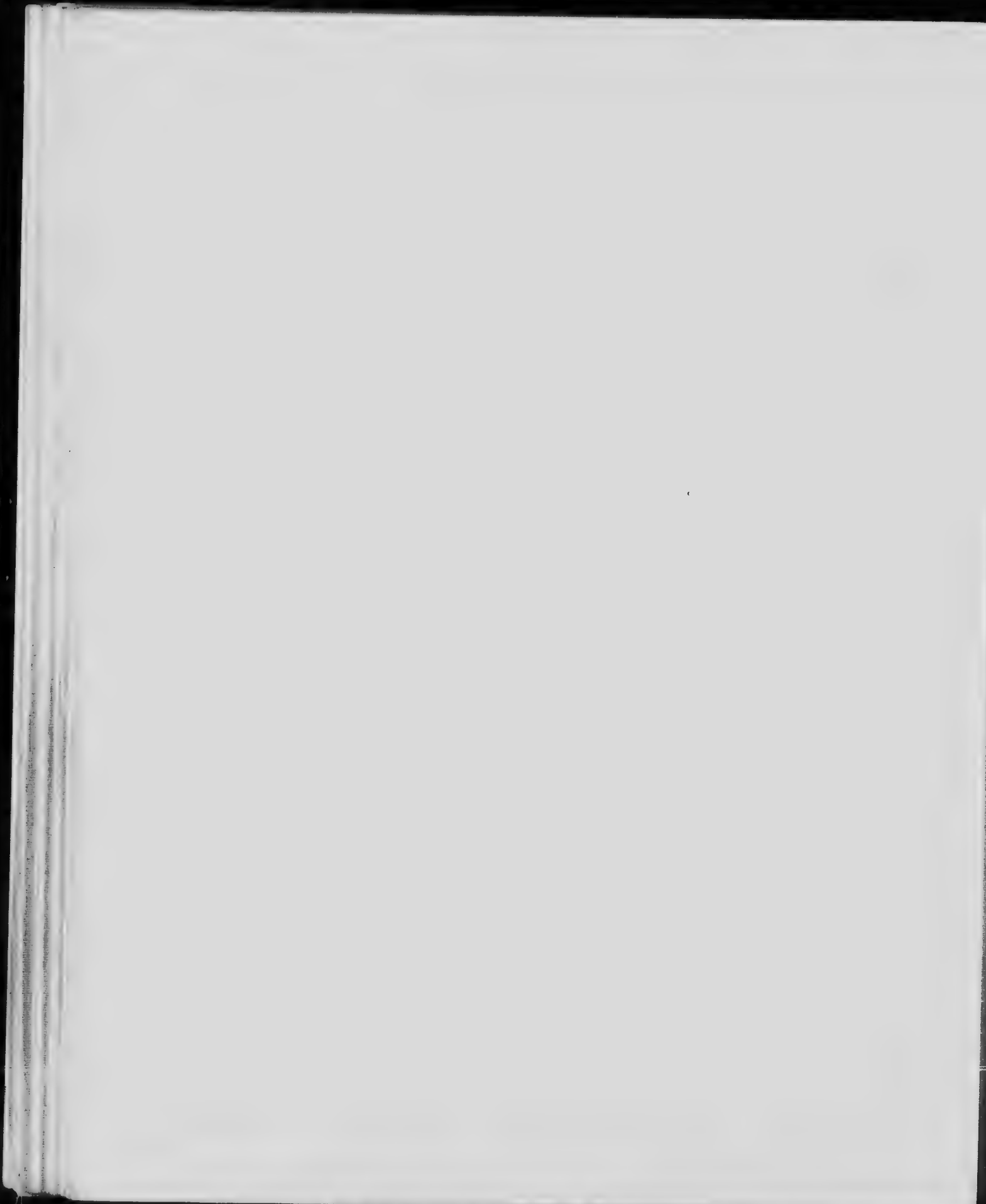
The fire-light is always
dim, and he

Sings soft and low

About that land so far
away, where sleepy

puppies grow.





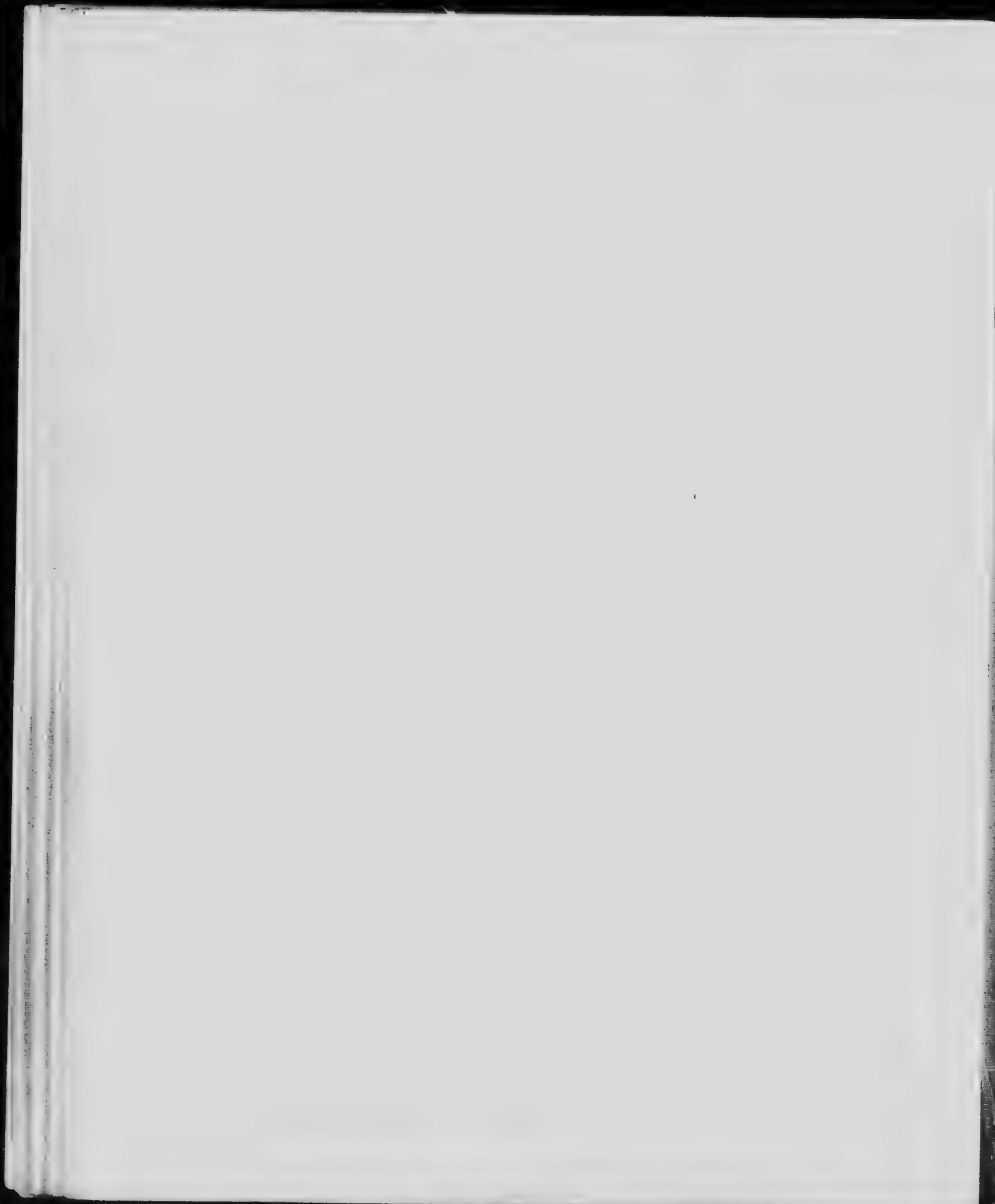


When it's most time for him to come
I take a doll, and wait
Here by the window where we're sure
To see him at the gate.
And then I bring his easy-chair,
His slippers, and the things
That make us cozy, nice, and snug
While Papa rocks and sings.

Sometimes the Sandman comes along, then both my eyes go down,
And I float off on poppy flowers away to Shut-eye-Town.
Before the song's half finished, just as Papa used to do
Cause that's how they would comfort him, when he was little too.


We always sing it just the same, I know it's old, and yet
It makes my troubles disappear, and some how I forget
How bad my finger hurted, for all the dreadful things
Just seem to melt and go away, when Papa rocks and sings—


In his big chair beside the fire, where the shadows come and go,
Out on the floor and on the wall as we rock to and fro.
Of course I know it's just a song, and may-be it's not true,
But it always seems to comfort me as nothing else can do.





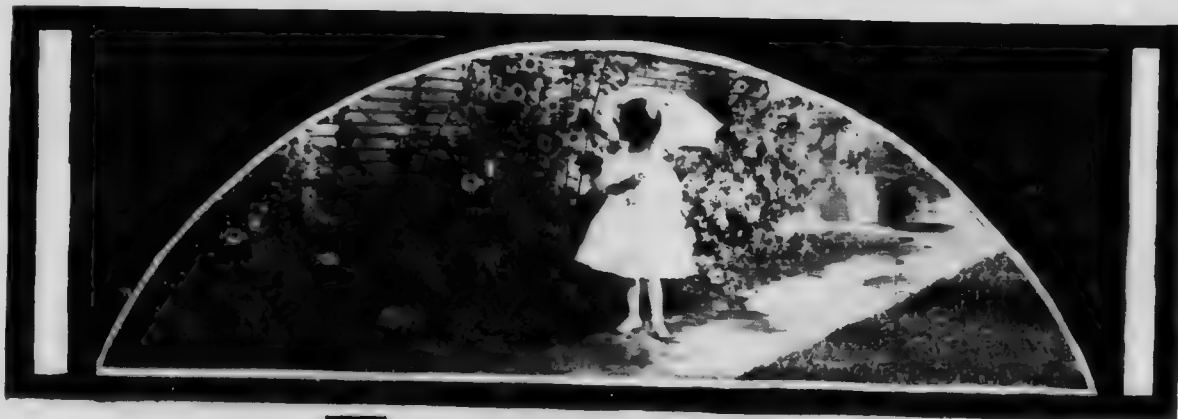
THE SECRET FOR THREE.

 sometimes visit a garden
 With high walls and bordered walks,
 Where, standing watch and guard at the portals,
 Are tall bright holly hocks.

 must not step on the smooth green grass.
 I must not pick the flowers,
 But dolly and I can walk all around,
 And just pretend it's ours.







Talk To The Bloom Children.



A Dear Little Kitten.

Theres a little girl, Kitten
 with smooth soft fur,
 That lives in that garden alone.
 And I always pretend this Kitten so dear
 Is just my very own.

I talk to the bloom children, too,
 sometimes,
 As they stand by the wall in long rows.
 Where does the sun get your colors so bright,
 Is it up where the rain-bow grows?





H

ow did you a go to

D. ...

from Heaven ...

On that morning ...
out on the ...

That's a ...

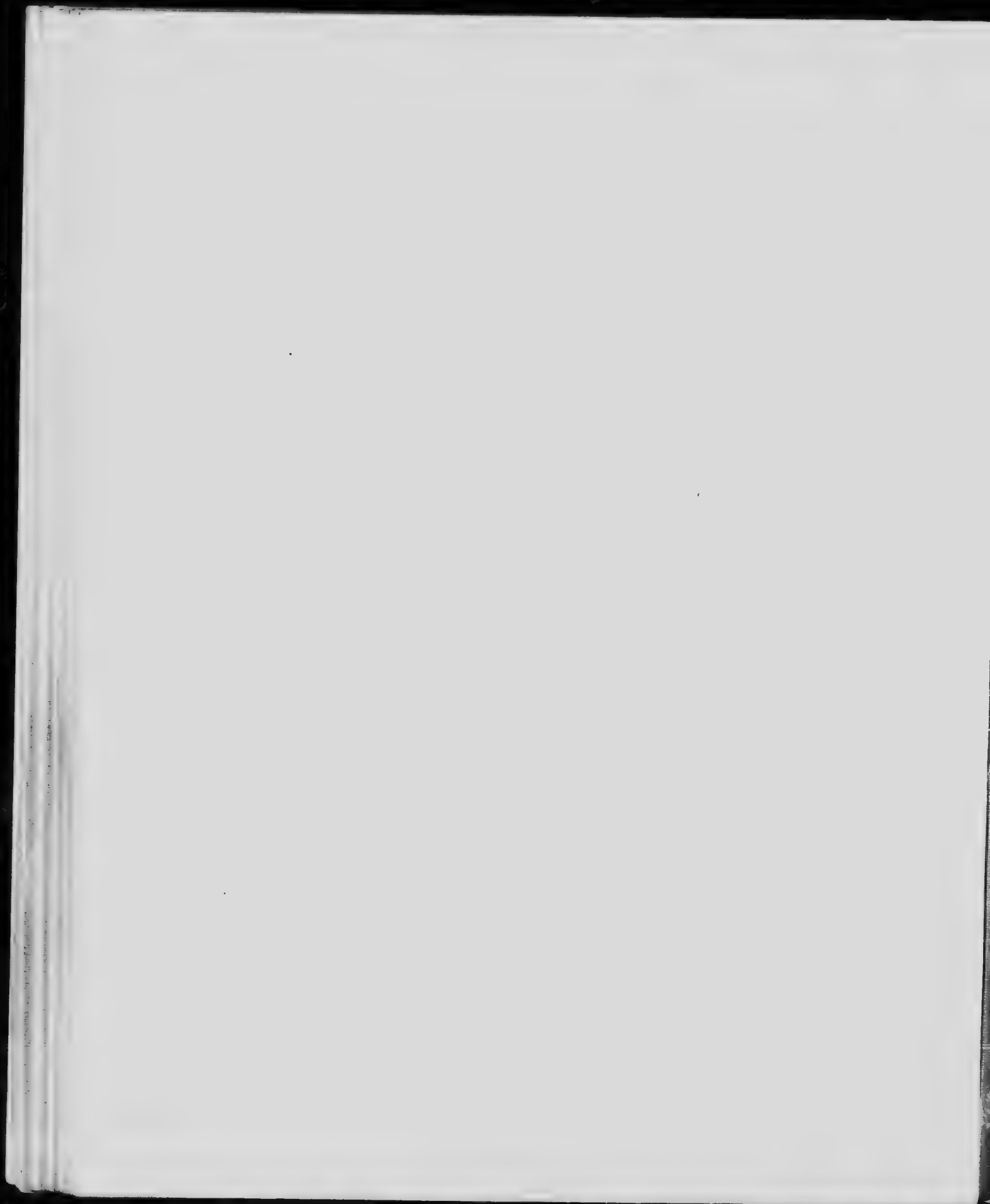
O

... ..

B. ...

... ..
Please ...

B. ...

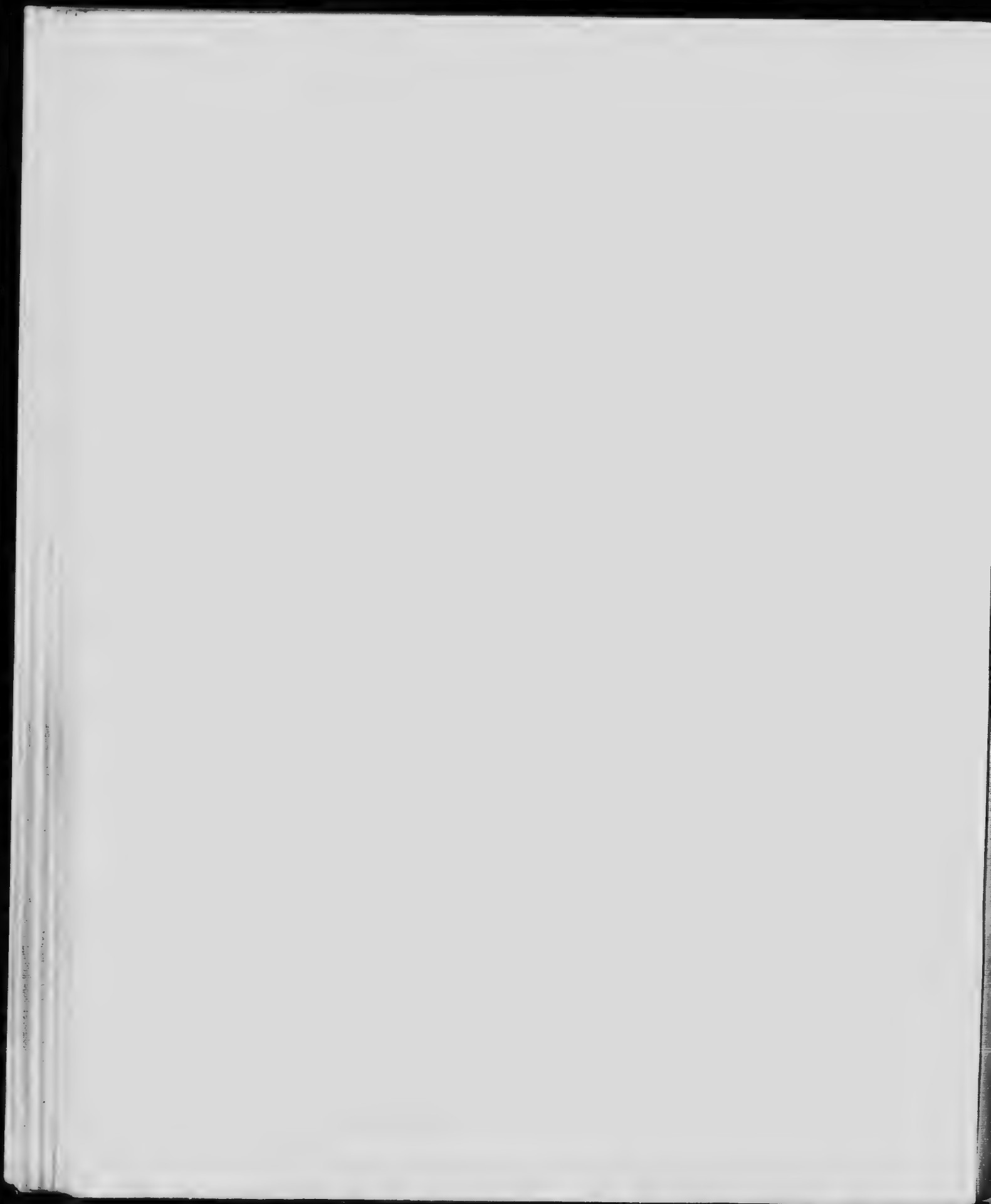




Auntie and sister and me.



We went to
 a May party down
 in the field
 Under the old thorn tree.
 Nobody else could go
 that day
 But Auntie and sister
 and me.

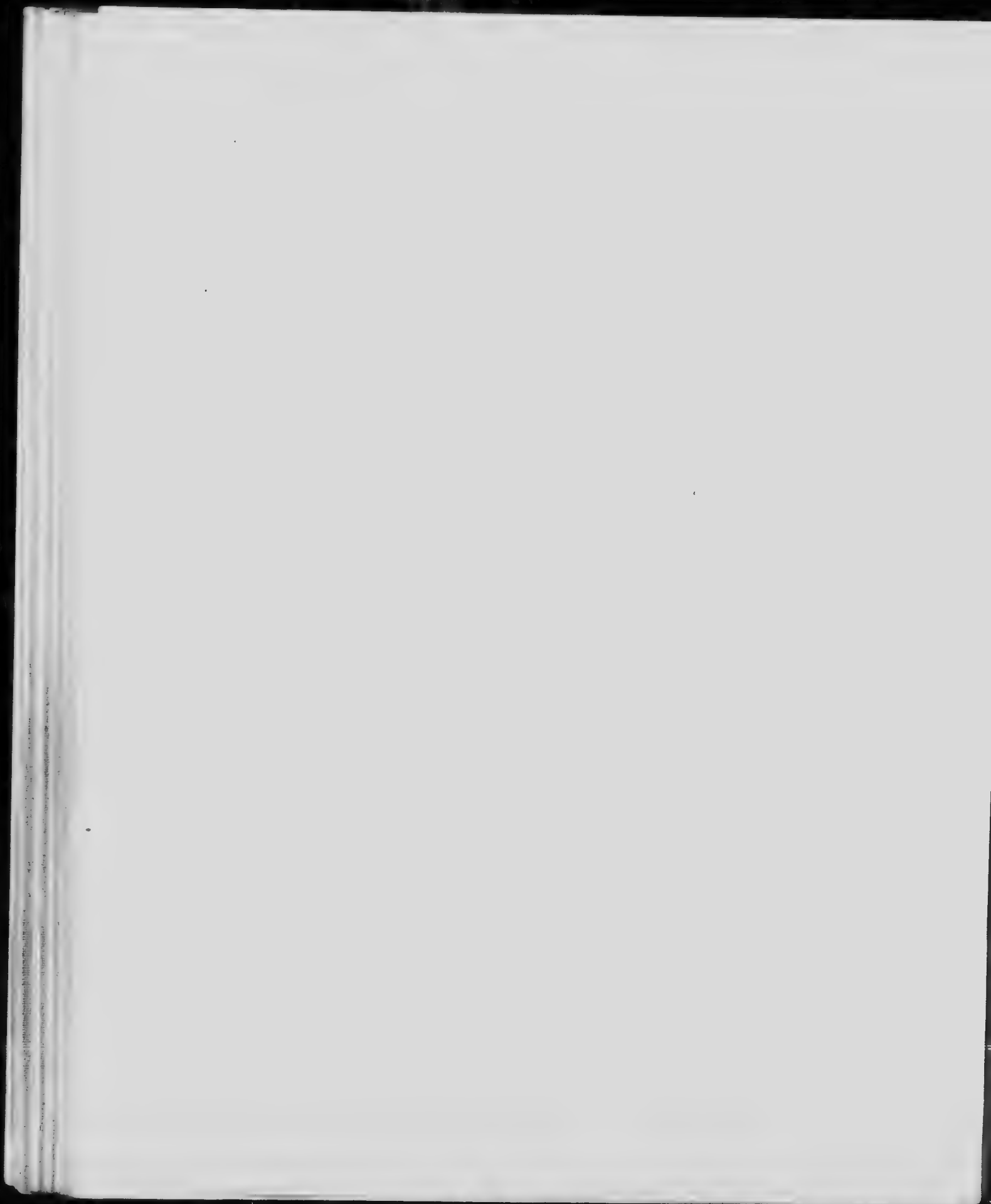




I am a little girl
 with a very pretty face
 Till last year when I was
 Grown up and I was
 a very pretty girl



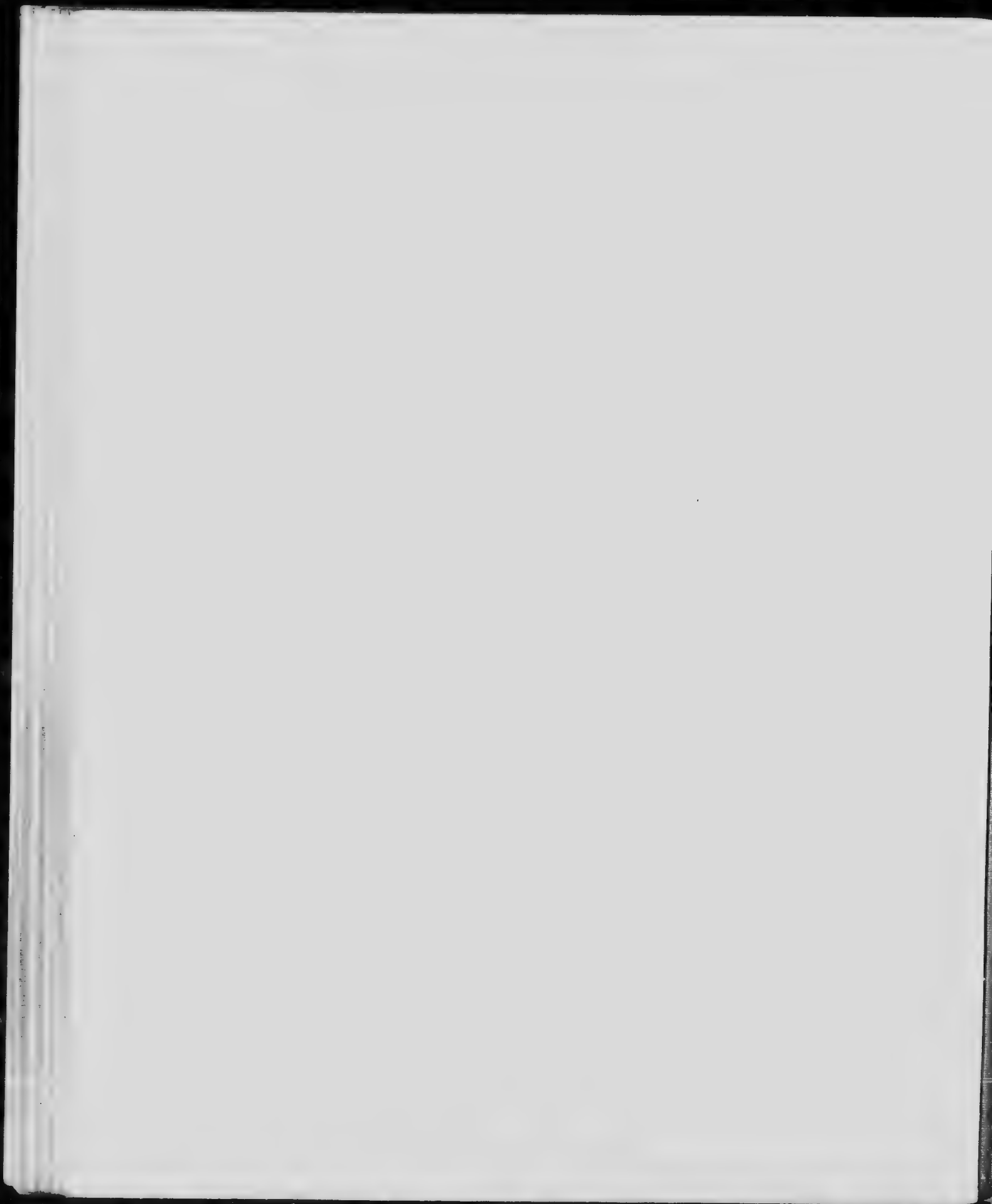
The birds high up in the branches
 Would chirp and twitter and sing
 Do you suppose they were calling us
 Or only glad of spring?





Every one had a
cordial welcome,
Why even the tall green grass
Would brush our skirts
and nod and bend
Very low to see us pass.

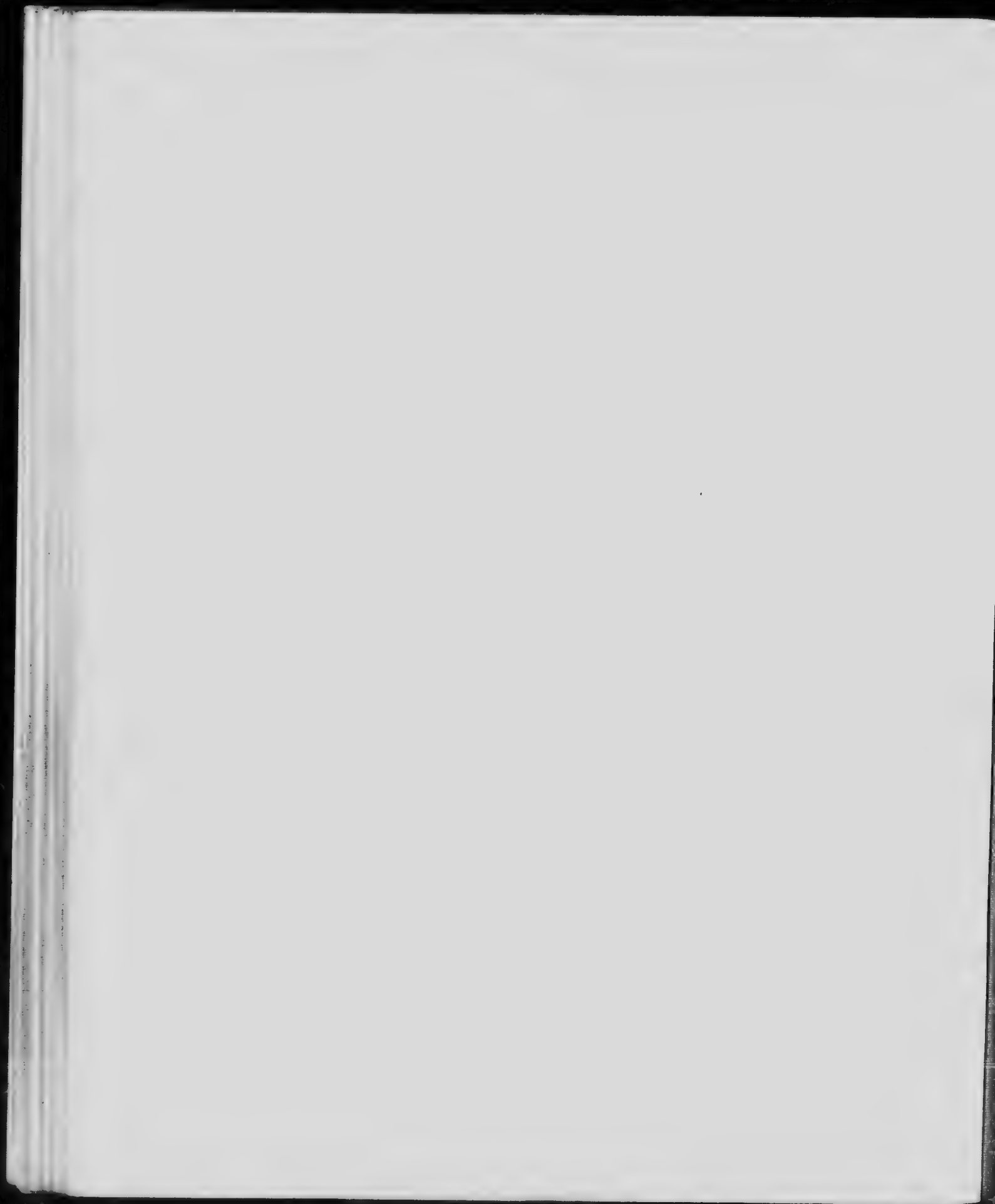
A dear little brook we saw
on the way
Has flowers on either side.
Im sure that's where
the fairies stay
When they have to go and hide.



Cause there on the stones
I peeped way down
Where the water is filled
with blue sky.
And I saw a white cloud
like a fairy boat
Go sailing swiftly by.
So I just played
I was a fairy too
Like the ones that live in the grass.



For I fixed my hair as the fairies do
With the brook, for a looking-glass.



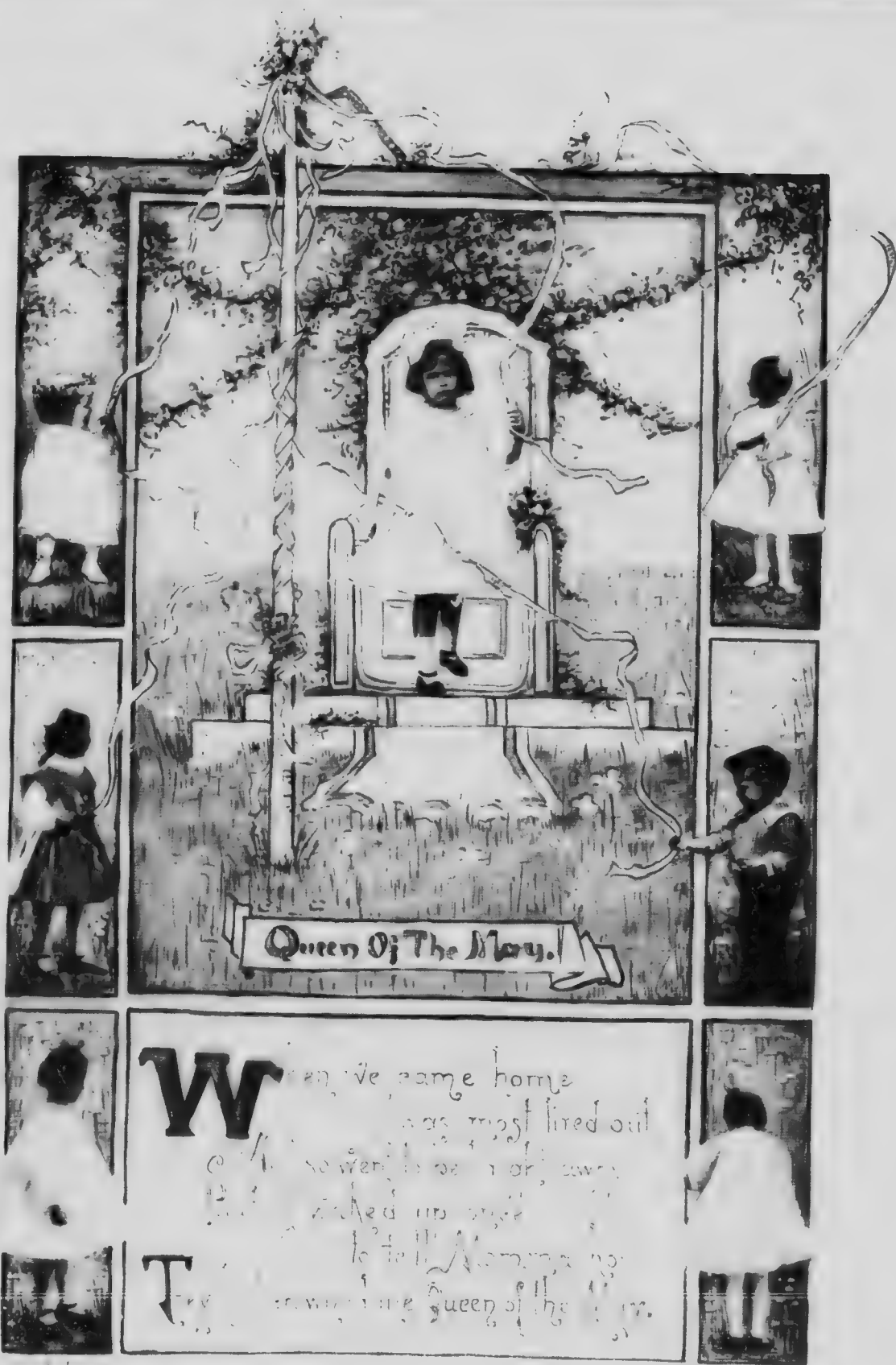


Pretty White Blossoms.

The pretty white blossoms that Auntie picked
Seemed to laugh and almost smile,
They thought it fun to come down from the tree
And stay with us awhile.

We had apples and cake for refreshments,
But for dishes, we had to play
The blossoms were cups, and the leaves were plates
On our table that first of May.





Queen Of The May.

When we came home
 we were most tired out
 so went to bed and away
 to sleep we went
 to tell Mother and
 how we were Queen of the May.



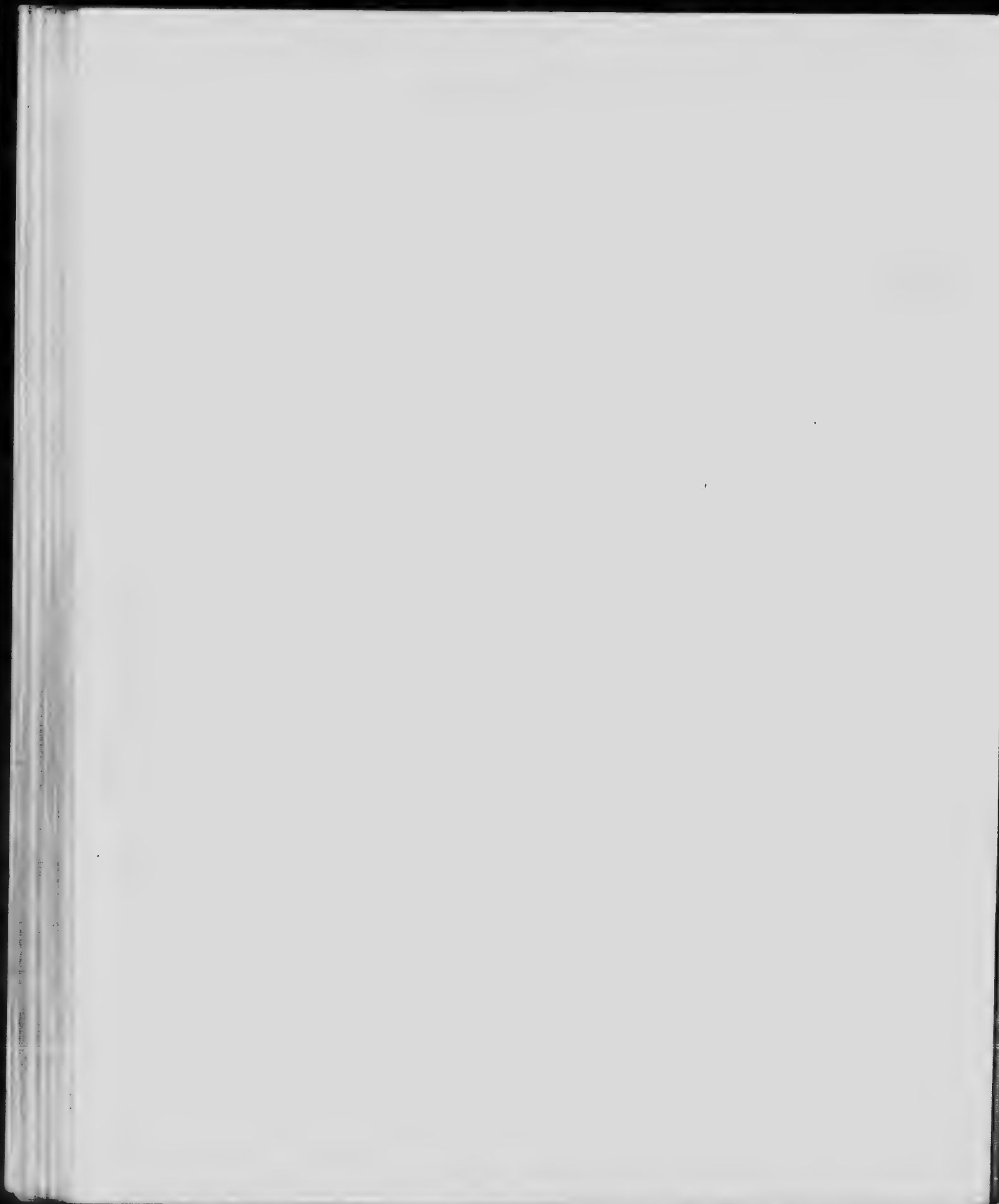
TOMORROW.

My little girl,
 Tomorrow
 You will be a woman
 And I shall be old.

The book with pictures in it. —



This is a picture of a dish.
 Or the new picture
 Yes, I know, but I don't
 I shall be old.



The bright face looks strangely worried
As she shakes her curly head,
"Don't you suppose that I'll be grow'd up
Fore tomorrow comes?" she said.

"Oh, I'm sure I hope I won't be
Cause you know that doll can talk,
And I somehow wanted dreadful
Just to take her for a walk.

Then I thought we'd have a party,
It's such fun to pour out tea,
If we only had some dishes,
Out here in the yard, you see."

So I waited till her nap-time
Then I brought each toy with care,
Meaning she should find on waking
Everything she'd asked for there.

Then she questioned with grave wonder,
"May I have them and go play?"
"Mother, did you get them for me,
Has tomorrow come today?"



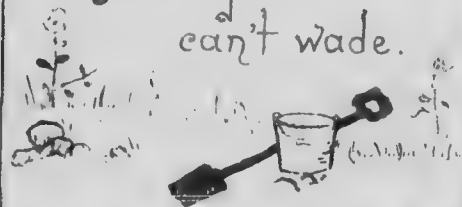
A Girl Can't Wade.

They some-how always seem
to sneeze
If water reaches to their knees.
They never try to step at all
But only sorter slide
and fall—
A girl can't wade.

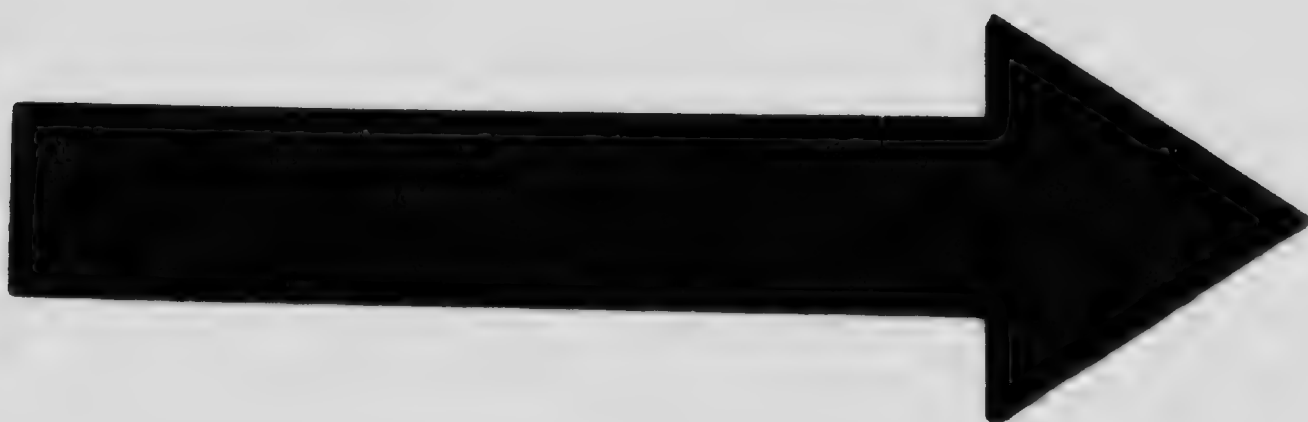
Out on a rock, that's smooth
and brown
Just you take care, or she'll sit down.
Or out in the middle, if she
should try—
The water would be
a lot too high—
A girl can't wade.



For I just never
saw one yet
That wasn't 'fraid
of gettin' wet.
And if they do,
they cry,
"oh dear!"
Of course I know
it's mighty queer
But a girl
can't wade.



Highways Day



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are listed in alphabetical order, and the addresses are given below each name. The list includes the names of the members of the committee, the names of the members of the sub-committee, and the names of the members of the advisory committee. The addresses are given in the form of street names and city names. The list is as follows:

| Name | Address |
|--------------|-----------------------------------|
| Mr. A. B. C. | 123 Main St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. D. E. F. | 456 Elm St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. G. H. I. | 789 Broadway, New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. J. K. L. | 1010 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. M. N. O. | 1111 Third St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. P. Q. R. | 1212 Second St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. S. T. U. | 1313 First St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. V. W. X. | 1414 West St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. Y. Z. A. | 1515 East St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. B. C. D. | 1616 North St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. E. F. G. | 1717 South St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. H. I. J. | 1818 Central St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. K. L. M. | 1919 Union St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. N. O. P. | 2020 Madison St., New York, N. Y. |
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| Mr. T. U. V. | 2222 Madison St., New York, N. Y. |
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| Mr. F. G. H. | 2626 Madison St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. I. J. K. | 2727 Park St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. L. M. N. | 2828 Madison St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. O. P. Q. | 2929 Park St., New York, N. Y. |
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| Mr. W. X. Y. | 4949 Park St., New York, N. Y. |
| Mr. Z. A. B. | 5050 Madison St., New York, N. Y. |



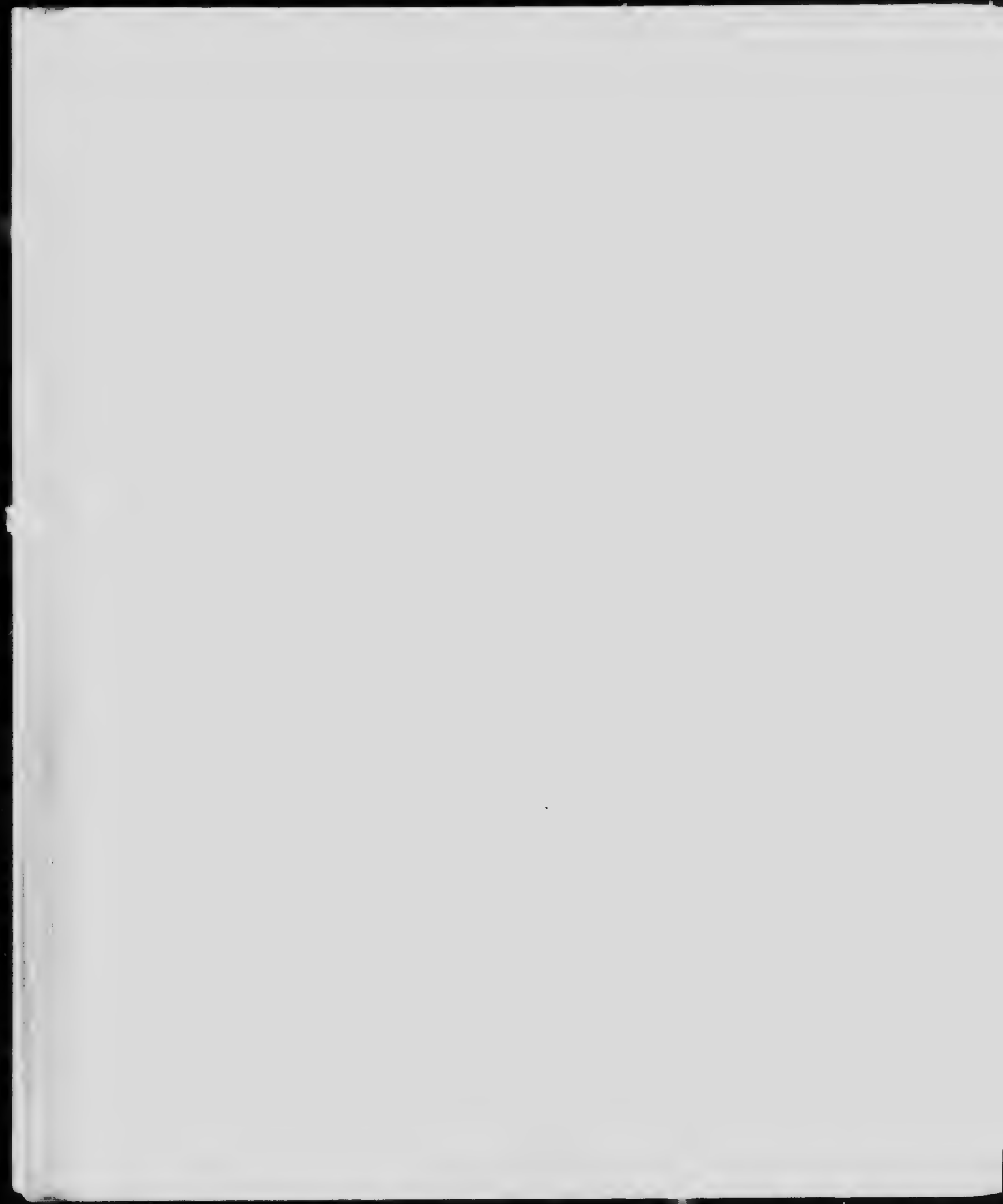
A Song Without Words.

Mamma went to a grand entertainment,
 Where each lady did her best.
 But every-one said, "A Song Without Words"
 Was better than all the rest.
 "A Song Without Words": I could not understand
 No matter how hard I might try,
 So I just gave a musical all by myself
 To learn the reason why.
 I played every piece from beginning to end,
 I did not talk or sing,





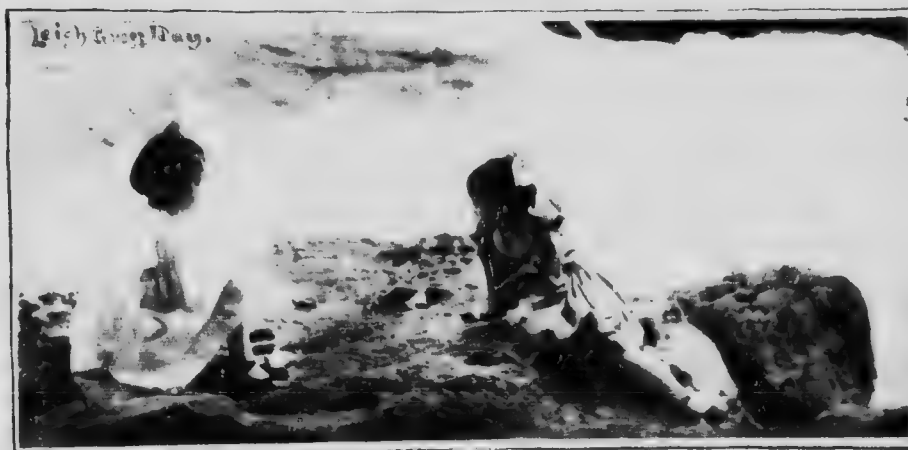
I had a grand audience, too, of course,
 But nobody said a thing.
 They all seemed to be just dumb with surprise.
 Their wonder and rapt attention
 So, don't you see, **A Song Without Words**
 Means, never a word from a guest.





WHY.

We went for a walk and
 But my Papa at home,
 For the great big waves used to run out so
 Didn't Papa come? Then why?









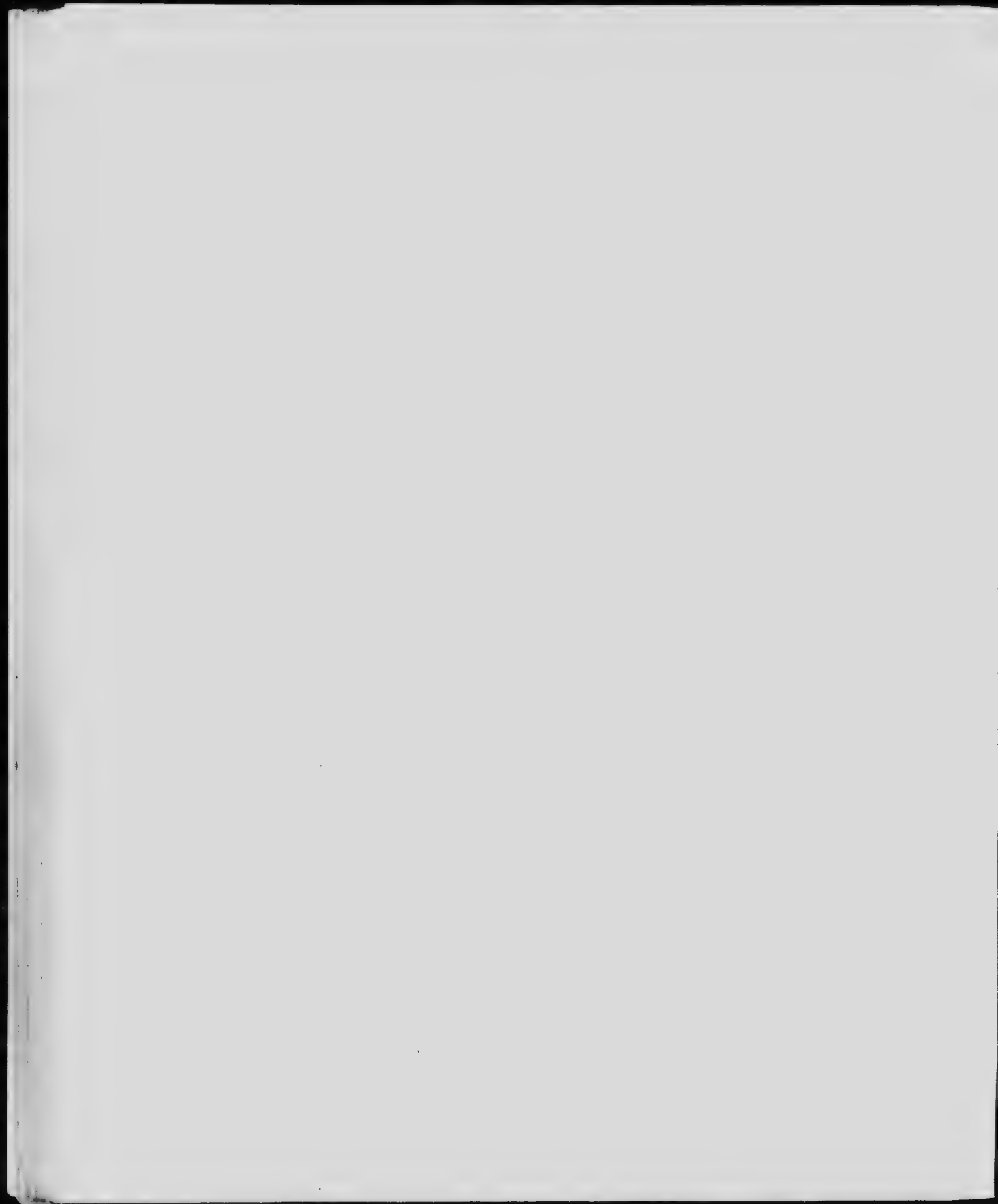
The old **D**utch garden
 with trailing vines,
That were climbing away up high,
The thousands and millions of little flowers
Seemed to whisper
 and ask me "Why?"



So I told them that
 somehow I seemed to feel
 All the time as tho' I should cry.
 They answered,
 "You want to see Papa, dear,
 You are homesick,
 That is why."



So I haven't felt too
 one minute since
 For a garden home that day
 And I hear the "Piper" the general I heard
 In the garden far away
 With its stepping stones and bordered walks
 Where the old-fashioned flowers, shy
 Whispered so low by that gray stone wall
 And answered in a soft, low voice



My Boys.

I know not what the
future holds.

It's sorrows or its joys.
I can't trust each year

unfolds
A blessing on my boys.

For those who sail this

Life's great sea
Must always take an oar.
And sail it means so much
to me

When their boats leave
the shore.

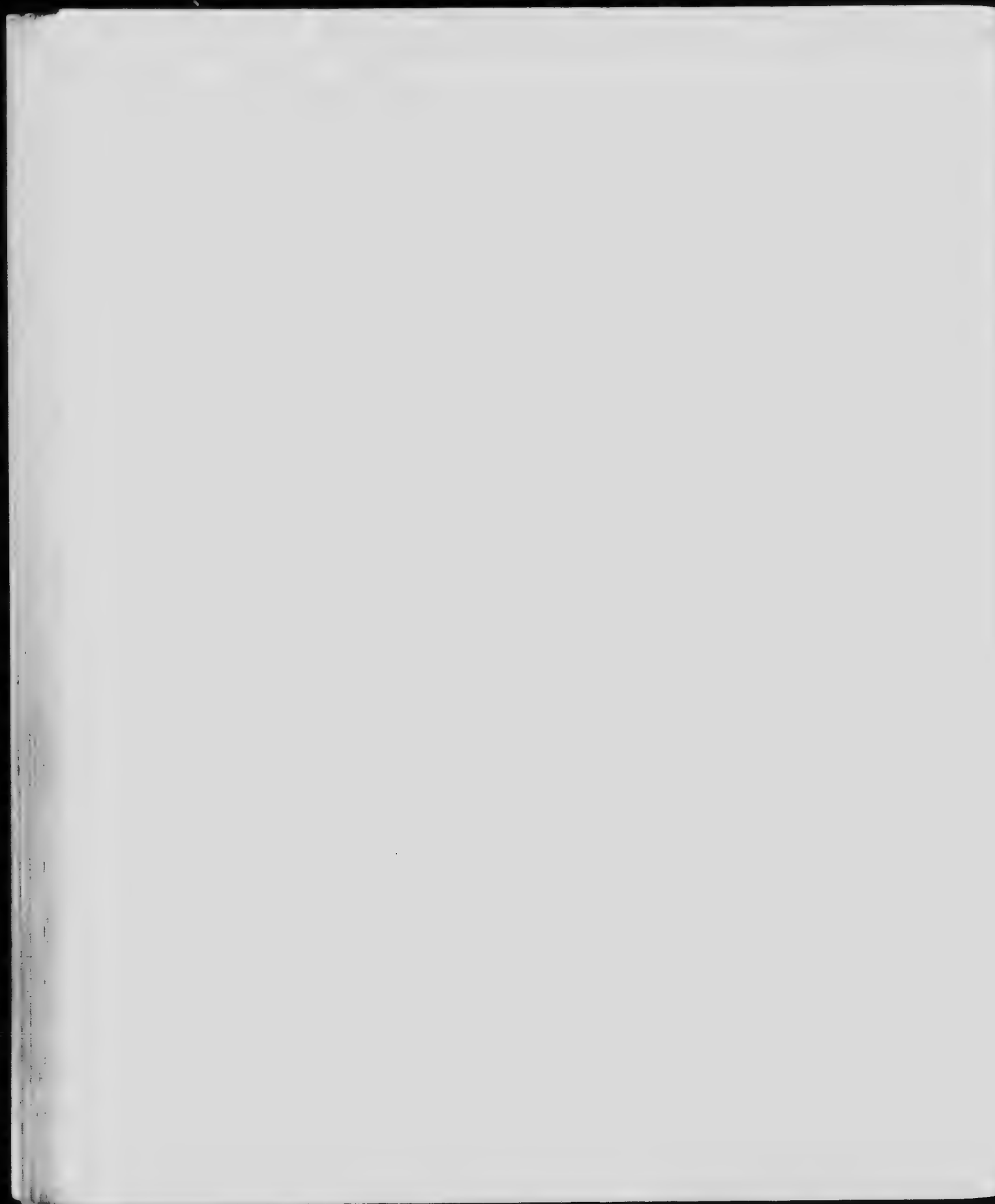
I know not if God's
riches will

Will fall to each boy's
share

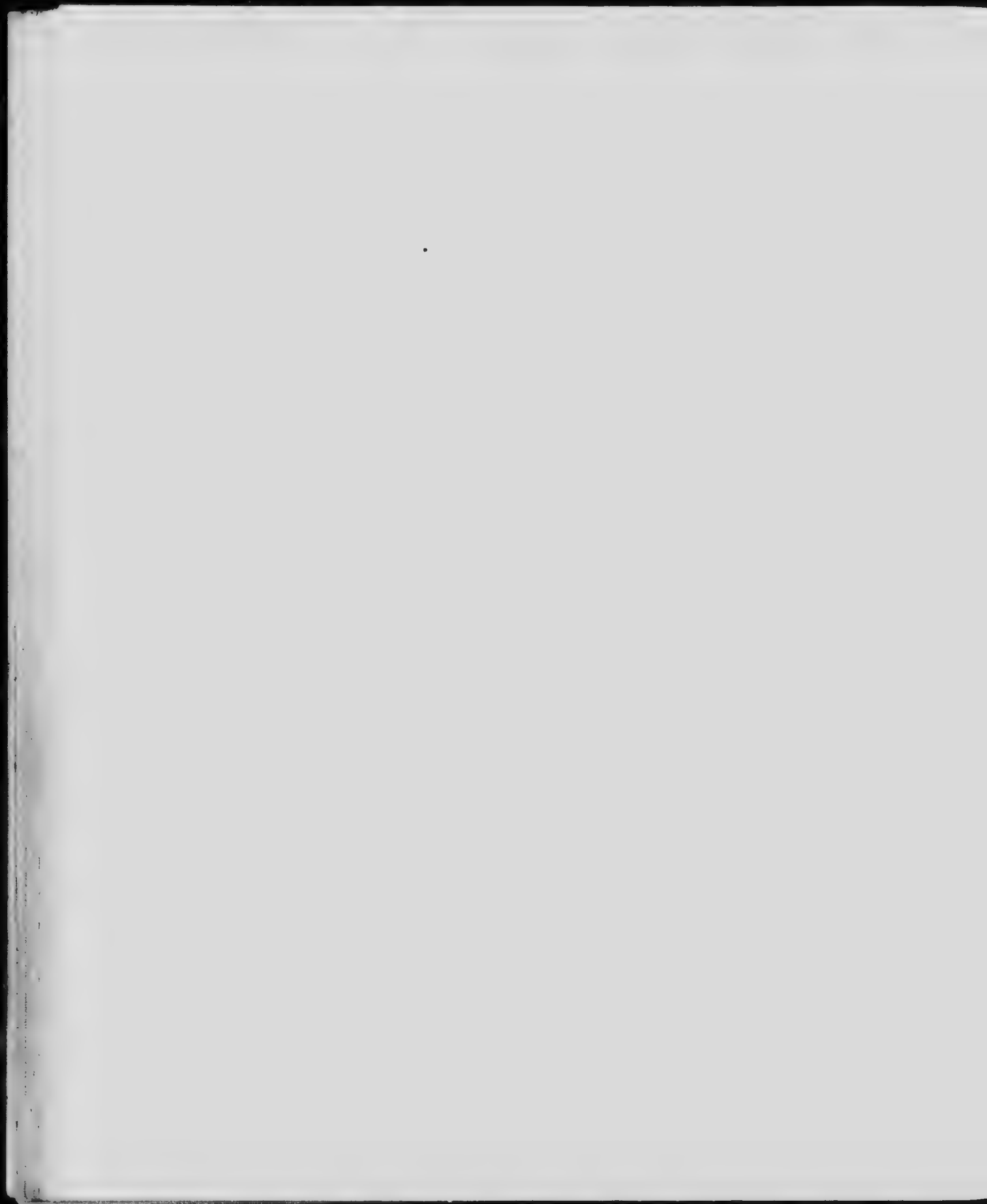
I only know they cannot
drift

Beyond my love and care.







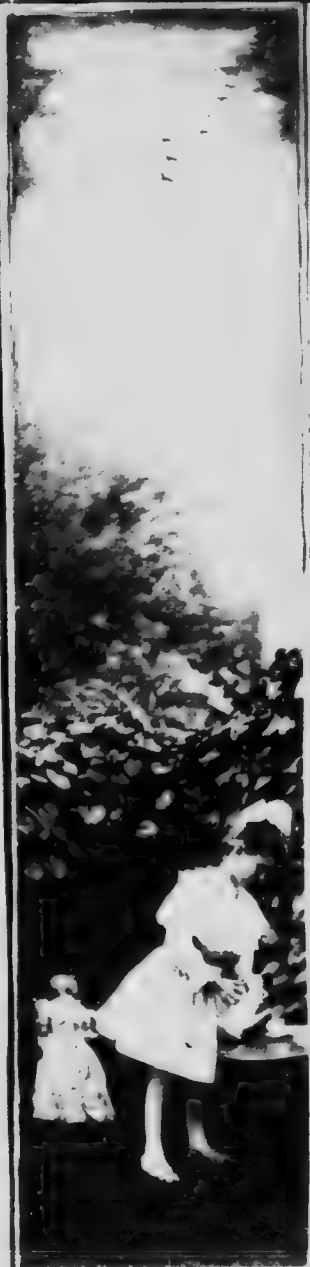





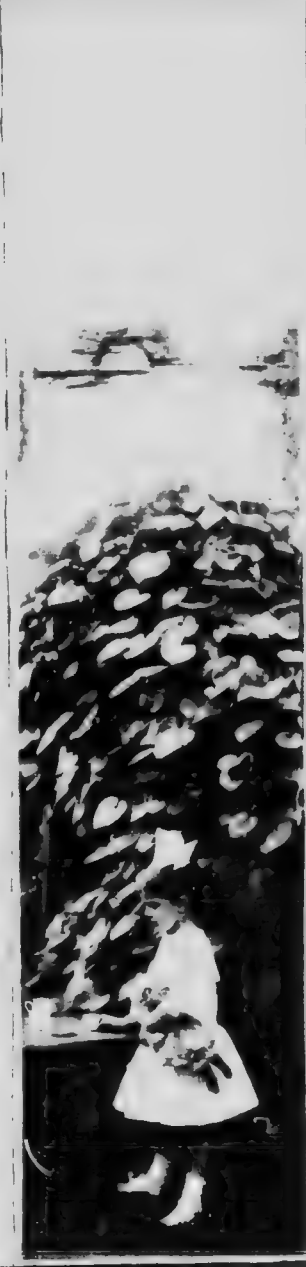
I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on.
I hope you are well and happy.
I have been very busy lately
but I have managed to find some time
to write you a few lines.
I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on.
I hope you are well and happy.
I have been very busy lately
but I have managed to find some time
to write you a few lines.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA AT SHADOW-TOWN.



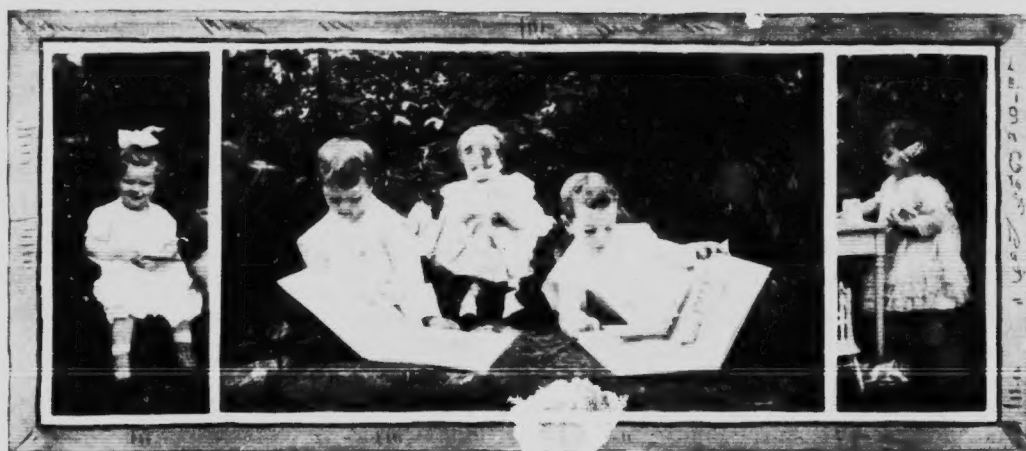

The sun is
 Five o'clock tea
 And the tea may
 shadow
 By the play house corner.
 When the sun is
 a bird on a tree
 in sight
 And the sun is
 in sight
 How and
 good night.
 Just as the sun
 goes down
 Is most down.
 We hold
 the sun
 At Shadow-Town.







When comes the winter time, so soon,
 It's too late to recede the end of the day.
 And we, the young ones, with our eyes and brows
 Are ready to go to sleep-a-eye town,
 For the night is coming, and they say,
 So we whisper good-night and bid you good-bye.







God has been said,
 All the blinds are drawn down,
 So now close the gate
 To Shadow-Town.

Leigha's Day.